

The Newport Daily News.

\$5.00 PER ANNUM.

"Liberty and Union now and Forever, one and Inseparable."

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VOL. XVII.

NEWPORT, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 18, 1883.

NO 245

The Daily News.

For Prospects, Advertising and Subscription Terms, See last Column of this page.

Poetical.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh! to breathe a tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better deed is seen,
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.
Give me the heart that can withhold
World's sin and sorrow's foibles;
How can it pleasure human folk,
To prove humanity but cold?
Now let us reach a higher mood—
A higher estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.
Then speak no ill, but let it be
To others' failings as you own;
If you're the first to fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then do the little time we stay,
Let speak of all the best we can.

Miscellaneous.

PERILS NEITHER BY FLOOD NOR FIELD.

A small volume has been recently published entitled "Trips in the Life of a Locomotive Engineer." There is more romance in the life of the engineer of a locomotive than the public generally suppose, and he often plays a self-sacrificing heroism that he rarely gets credit for. Bravery and heroism in other walks of life have been commended and extolled, but these virtues in the railroad engineer and his aids have been unjustly overlooked. Nay, more, while their heroic deeds are unnumbered, and the illustrations they have given of courage and of presence of mind have been unrecorded, commendation has been substituted for a praise that has been richly deserved. A few narratives taken from the volume above referred to will show that railroad men generally deserve more kindly regard from the public than they have hitherto received:

HESSING IN A FOG.
In the year 182— I was running an engine on the road. My engine was named the Racer, and a "rudder" she was too; her driving wheels were seven feet in diameter, and she could turn about as fast as was necessary. I can assure you, my regular train was the "Morning Express" leaving the upper terminus of the road at half-past four, running sixty-nine miles in an hour and forty-five minutes, which as I had to make three stops, might with justice be considered pretty fast travelling.

There were on the line numerous drawbridges which were liable to be opened at all hours, but more especially about daybreak. To be sure there were men stationed at every bridge, and in fact every half-mile along the road, whose special duty it was to warn approaching trains of danger from open drawbridges, obstructions on the track, &c., but the class of men employed in such duty was not noted for sobriety, and the wages paid were not sufficient to secure a particularly intelligent or careful class. So the confidence I was compelled to place in them was necessarily hindered with much distrust.

These men were provided with white and red signal lanterns, denoting stoppage and danger flags, and the rules of the road required them to place a torpedo on the rail and show a red signal both on the bridge and at a "fog station," distant half a mile from the bridge, before they opened the draw. At all times when the draw was closed they were to show a white light or flag at this "fog station." This explanation will, I trust, be sufficient to enable every reader to understand the position in which I found myself in the gray of one September morning.

I left the starting point of my route ten minutes behind time. The fog was more dense than I ever remembered having seen it. It enveloped every thing. I could not see the end of my train, which consisted of five cars filled with passengers. The "headlight" which I carried on my engine illuminated the decayed cloud only a few feet, so that I was running into the most utter darkness. I did not like the look of things at all, but my orders were positive to use all due exertions to make time. So blindly putting my trust in the miserable twenty-dollar man who was who the agents along the road, I darted headlong into and through the thick, and to all mortal vision, impenetrable fog. The Racer behaved nobly that morning; she seemed gifted with the "wings of the wind," and rushed thunderingly on, making such time as was to be had even in almost "native and to the name home." Every thing passed off right. I had "made up" seven minutes of my time, and was within ten miles of my journey's end. The speed at which I had been running had exhilarated and excited me. That pitching into darkness, blindly trusting to men that I had at best but weak faith in, had given my nerves an unnatural tension, so I resolved to run the remaining ten miles at whatever rate or speed the Racer was capable of making. I gave her steam and away we flew. The fog was so thick that I could not tell by passing objects how fast we ran, but the dull heavy and oppressive roar, as we shot through rock cuttings and tunnels, the creaking and straining of my engine, and the almost insupportable velocity at which the driving

wheels revolved, told me that my speed was absolutely awful. I did not care, though. I was used to that and the rules here me out; besides, I wanted to win for my engine the title of the fastest engine on the road, which I knew she deserved. So I cried—*On! On!*
I had to cross one drawbridge which owing to the intervention of a high hill, could not be seen from the time we passed the "fog station" until we were within three or four rods of it. I watched closely for the "fog station." It was white. "All right! go ahead my beauty!" shouted I, giving at the same time another look at the "headlight," and we shot into the "cut." In less time than it takes me to write it, we were through, and there on the top of the "draw," dimly seen through a veil in the fog, glimmered with its metallic glaucousness, the danger signal—red light. It seemed to glare at me with almost diabolical malignancy. "Stopping was out of the question, even had I been running at quarter my actual speed. As I was running, I had not even time to grasp the whistle-cord before we would be in. So giving one longing, lingering thought to the bright world, whose duration to me could not be reckoned in seconds even, I shut my eyes and waited my death, which seemed as absolute and inevitable as my glorious. It was but an instant of time, but an age of thought and dread—and then, I was over the bridge. A drunken bridge-tender had, with accursed stupidity, hoisted the wrong light and my adventure was but a "hoax"—but half a dozen such were as bad as death.

It was three weeks before I ran again, and I never after "made up time" in a fog.

COLLECTION EXTRAORDINARY.

One morning, in the year 185—, I was running the Morning Express, or the Shanghai Express, as it was called, on the H. road in New York State. The morning was foggy, damp and uncomfortable, and by its influence I was depressed so that I had the "blues" very badly; I felt weary and tired of life. I was leading a dull and monotonous life, save when varied by horror. I got to thinking of the past estimate in which the class to which I belonged was held by the people generally, who, seated in the easy-comforted seats of the train, read of battles far away—of deeds of heroism, performed under the smoke and din of bloody wars—and their hearts swell with pride; they glow with gladness to think that their own species are capable of such daring acts, and all the while these very readers are skirting the edges of precipices, to look down which would nip the stoutest heart and make the strongest nerve man thrill with terror—they are crossing deep, narrow gorges on gossamer-like bridges; they are passing switches at terrible speed, where there is but an inch of space between smooth-rolling property and quick destruction; they are darting through dark, gloomy tunnels, which would be turned into graves for them, were a single stone to be detached from the roof in front of the thundering train; they are dragged by a fiery-lunged, snort-bellowing monster, to whose form are imprinted death-dealing forces the most terrific. And mounted upon this fire-breast sits the engineer, controlling its every motion, holding in his hand the thread of every life on the train, which a single act—a false move, a deceived eye, an instant's relaxation of thought—put care on his part, would cut, to be united nevermore; and the train thunder on, crushing bridges, gullies, and roads, passing through tunnels and cuts, and over embankments. The engineer, firm to his post, still regulates the life of the train, and keeps his eyes upon the track ahead with a thousand things upon his mind, the neglect or a wrong thought of either of which would run the risk of a thousand lives—and these readers in the cars are still absorbed with the daring deeds of the Zouaves under the war-drum of Italy, but pay not a thought to the Zouave upon the engine, who every day rides down into the "valley of death" and charges a bridge of Magenta.

But return to this dismal, foggy morning that I began to tell you of. It was with some such thoughts as these that I sat that morning upon my engine, and plunged into the fog-banks that hung over the river-side. I sat so absorbed in guessing, but my syllogism expressing of whether it must always be so with me: whether I should always be chilled with this indifference and want of appreciation in this waking hours, and in my sleep have this horrible responsibility and care to sit, ghoul-like, upon my breast and almost stifle the beating of my heart—when with a crash and slam my meditations were interrupted, and the whole side of the "train" with the "smoke-black," "whistle-rand" and "smoke-black" were stripped from the engine. The splinters flew around my head, the escaping steam made a most horrible din, and the "fire-box" emitted a most infernal smoke, and I was entirely ignorant of what was up or the extent of the damage done. As soon as I could stop, I of course, after seeing that every thing was right with the engine, went back to see what was the cause of this sudden invasion upon the dreary harmony of my thoughts, and completeness of my running arrangement, when I and behold it was a North River steamer with which I had collided. It had, during the fog, been blown upon the shore, and into its "bow-spout," which projected over the track, I had run full tilt.

I think that I am justified in calling a collision between a steamer on the river and a locomotive on the rail, a collision extraordinary.

Concluded tomorrow.

FOR SALE BY

R. WILSON,

79 Thames Street.

SPALDING & CO'S Coalfield, Black-burn, Glou-
cestershire, England, has for sale, in large quantities,
the best quality of coal, at 12 cents per ton, and for
delivered at 15 cents per ton, or 21 cents to the ton.

BOY WANTED

WAGES \$2.00 PER WEEK, Apply to

SWINNEY & COFFEE,

135 & 137 Thames St.

A CARD TO LET IN MIDDLETOWN, (a position
given on the 25th of March next. Apply to
ALFRED SMITH,
121 Thames St.

CHELSEA—has just received at
R. WILSON'S,
121 Thames St.

FOR SALE—A Two Store Cottage on Perry Street
with a basement shop, level with the sidewalk—
lot of land 11 by 20 feet, all for FOURTEEN HUN-
DRED DOLLARS. Apply to
ALFRED SMITH,
121 Thames St.

CUNEBRAYS for Human Hearts—Yours God's own
Word, Bible Society, For sale by
J. W. WOOD,
121 Thames St.

COAL TO ARRIVE.

ONE MORE CARD, and the last of the season of
the H. WILSON CO. This best coal known
is selling at the same price of the common article as
red ash. WILLIAMS, 121 Thames St., Sole Agent.

CHURCH ALMANAC for 1883, at CORNELL'S,
121 Thames St.

CURE FOR PIN WORMS.

DR. E. G. COULDS.

PIN WORM SYRUP

It is the first and only remedy ever offered to the public
for the removal of the Pin Worms, or Pin
Worms, from the human system. The high reputation
of this medicine is the result of the fact that it is
the only one that is safe and reliable.

It affords Relief in twenty-four hours and
an Entire Cure is warranted
when taken according to directions, which accompany
each bottle.

The Syrup is also a most valuable family medicine,
for the removal of the Pin Worms, or Pin
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Business Cards.

LANGLEY & NORMAN,
DRAPERS AND TAILORS,
No. 101 Thames Street, Newport.

Constantly on hand, a complete assortment of Cloth
and Furnishing Goods.

BROWN, GODDARD & BARLOW,
STOVE DEALERS AND TIN-PLATE, SHEET
IRON AND COPPER WORKERS.

No. 122 Thames Street,
(Opposite Finch & Eggs, Newport, R. I.)
J. BROWN, S. GODDARD, J. C. BARLOW,
all Jobbing punctually attended to.

WILLIAM B. SWAN,
DRAPER AND TAILOR,
No. 148 Thames Street.

Offers for sale, a fresh supply of seasonable goods, such
as French and German Broad-Cloths, Cashmere
and Dressing, English and American Cashmere
and Tweeds, Silk and Muslin Veils,
Lace, a good supply of Furnishing
Goods, Also, ready-made Outer
Coats, Frocks, Caps, Pants and
Vests.

Jan 31y

UPHOLSTERING AND MATTRESS MAKING.

GEORGE NASON.

Repairs and all kinds of Upholstering done with
care; also, Curtains put up in the latest manner and
of the latest styles.
All kinds of mattresses and Lounges for sale at the
lowest prices.

MATTRESSES MADE OVER and the Hairs
WELL PICKED
All orders left at my shop will be attended to with
promptness.

Room, 66 Spring Street.
Feb 28 ly

THE "REDWOOD" HOUSE.

C. J. BLIVEN,
Proprietor of the Atlantic House.

In consequence of the gratifying patronage received
has opened a CHOICE RESTAURANT, in connection
with his House next west of the

BELLEVUE HOTEL,
where his Table is supplied with all the

DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.
Gentlemen can be accommodated with large airy
dining-rooms, and meals served upon the European
Plan.

May 23 ly

J. S. CLARKE,
DENTIST.

Having had fourteen years' experience in natural and
artificial teeth, now offers his professional services to
all who wish them; all work warranted as recommended,
and reference given if required.
Will be absent from home from the first Monday to
the following Saturday of each month.
Office 100 Thames St., Newport, over the Exchange
Bk.

WM. D. LAKE,
PUBLIC NOTARY.

Will practice before the Court of Judges.
Office of the Daily News,
No. 123 Thames Street.

Y. M. SEABURY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN BOOTS
AND SHOES.

No. 110 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.
Jan 1 ly

CHARLES WILLIAMS,
DEALER IN THE PUREST RED AND WHITE
ASH COALS.

By the ton or cargo, and at a small out-of-pocket and 25
cents per ton, and all kinds of wood for kindling
or other purposes.

Wharf opposite foot of Dennison Street.
Jan 1 ly

JOSEPH M. LYON,
PLUMBER, BRASS AND COPPER WORKER.

Manufacturer of Pumps, Kettles, Steam Pipes,
&c. Repairing and general Jobbing promptly at-
tended to.

No. 236 Thames Street,
Jan 1 ly

WILLIAM CORNELL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCER.

And dealer in Dry Goods, Shoes, Paper Hangings, Ac.
No. 17 & 19 Broad Street, and 1 Spring St.
(Junction of Broad & Spring)

Jan 1 ly

JAMES H. HAMMETT,
DEALER IN FANCY AND STAPLE DRY
GOODS STORES.

No. 85 Thames Street,
Dec 2 ly

W. P. BRYER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,
FLOUR, GRAIN, &c.

Also, extensive dealers in Bleached and Unbleached
Spirits, Lard, Elephant and White Oils,
No. 15 Broad Street, Newport, R. I.
Feb 8 ly

BIRDSALL BROTHERS,
(SUCCESSORS TO CROMWELL & BIRDSALL.)

209 FRONT ST., COR. OF BEEKMAN,
NEW YORK.

REOPENED.

THE
UNITED STATES HOTEL,
Newport, R. I.
CORNER OF THAMES & PELHAM STREETS.
WILLIAMS & COPELAND,
PROPRIETORS.
Nov 8-1862.

Travelers' Directory.

STEAMER PERRY.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Nov. 17th, 1882, the
Steamer PERRY, Capt. N. E. ALLEN, will
MAKE BUT ONE TRIP A DAY,
Leaving Newport for Providence at 4 A.M. Returning
will leave Providence for Newport at 2 P.M., touch-
ing at Buzzards Bay en route.

From Newport to Portsmouth Grove 25 cents.
From Portsmouth Grove to Providence 25 cents.
From Providence to Newport 25 cents.
From Newport to Boston 42 1/2.
From Boston to Newport 42 1/2.
Newport, Nov. 13, 1882.

NOTICE
The regulations on travel having been removed by the
War Department, no longer subject to visit
Europe will no longer be required to receive their
travelers with passports.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent.

SEVEN WEEKS BETWEEN NEW YORK AND
LONDON, via the Atlantic Ocean, and
OFFERS, Nov. 17th, 1882, The Liverpool, New York
and Philadelphia Steamship Company, under dispatch,
their full powered Clyde-built Steamships, as follows:

City of Manchester, Saturday, Feb. 14
City of Baltimore, " Feb. 21
City of Baltimore, " Mar. 7

and every Sunday at noon, from Pier 13, North River,
New York.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

FIRST CABIN, \$10.00; STEAMER, \$10.00;
do to London, \$10.00; do to Liverpool, \$10.00;
do to Port, \$10.00; do to Port, \$10.00;
do to Hamburg, \$10.00; do to Hamburg, \$10.00.

Passengers forwarded to Havre, Bremen, Rotterdam,
Antwerp, &c., at a small extra rate.

From Liverpool or Southampton 1st Cabin
\$10.00, 2nd Cabin \$5.00, Steerage from Liverpool, \$2.00. From
Antwerp, \$10.00. Those who wish to send for their
friends on any of these ships, should apply to the
Company's Agents.

These Steamships have superior accommodations for
passengers; are strongly built in water-tight iron;
and carry the finest Fire Armament, and
Experienced Surgeons are attached to each Steamer.

For further information apply to the Company's Office,
JOHN G. DALE, Agent, 15 Broadway, N. Y.,
or W. E. DEAN, Agent,
No. 4 Levis Street, Newport, R. I.

TO NEW YORK DIRECT.

THE STEAMER EMPIRE STATE,
CAPT. BRAYTON will leave Fall River every Monday,
Wednesday and Friday, on the arrival of steamer
from Boston for New York, at New York, leaving
Newport at 8 o'clock, and arriving in New York at
about 12 o'clock, a.m. Returning will leave New
York at 6 o'clock, p.m.

THE BAY STATE.
CAPT. BROWN, will leave Fall River every Tues-
day, Thursday and Saturday as above for New York via
Newport, leaving New York at 5 o'clock, p.m.

FREIGHT.
This line of boats will in future carry freight at a rate
as low as any other line of boats.

FARE.
Cabin Fare from Newport to New York, \$10.00;
Ticket Fare \$2.00;
State Rooms \$1 extra, to be obtained of the Agent.
For further particulars apply to
ANTHONY STEWART, Agent,
At Kinley's Express Office.

Jan 1 ly

FORT ADAMS,

U. S. SHIP CONSTITUTION.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 10, mail further
notices.

STEAMER FANNY,
Capt. CHARLES RUSSELL, will make between Newport
and U. S. Ship Constitution, as follows:
Leave Newport, Monday, Newport, from which the
steamer Perry leaves every hour during the day, from
6 A.M. to 6 P.M.
The boat will be on reasonable terms for
evening parties.

CHARLES RUSSELL,
Feb 15 ly

KID GLOVES—Another lot Genl. Kid Gloves, this
day received by

LANGLEY & NORMAN,
104 & 106 Thames Street.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING in the line of
GROCERIES AND FRUITS, and don't know
just where to find it, go to the store on the north cor-
ner of the Pelham, and you will be sure to see it there.
SOL. T. HUBBARD.

WOODEN WARE at
CLARK'S,
221 Thames St.

ERNEST A. ERLANDSON,
GENERAL.

Shipping & Commission Merchant,
Office up stairs—117 Wall St., New York.

AND DEALER IN
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, DYE-STUFFS, &c.,
BY THE ORIGINAL MANUFACTURERS.

Terms Cash on Delivery.
CONSIGNMENTS OF FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
MERCHANDISE SOLICITED.

Mr. Erlandson's connection in all parts of the United
States, Europe, Cuba, South America, Califor-
nia, South Sea Islands, Australia and China.

1878

FAMILY COAL.

ENGLISH CANEEL,
LIVERPOOL ORBEL,
BEANSTIFFS,
GREYVONTS,
LORREY,
PEACH ORCHARD,
SCANTON.

LYRENS VALLEY OR FRANKLIN.

WOOD! WOOD!

WALNUT, MAPLE,
PINE, prepared in any manner desired, on hand and for
sale by
W. E. DEAN,
Commercial Wharf.

THE DAILY NEWS.

An Independent Daily Paper

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS,
General News, Literature and the "Union,"
and opposed to all Political frauds and
party pilfering, either in the City, State or
Nation—published every day (Sundays ex-
cepted) at 3 o'clock, P. M., by

GEORGE T. HAMMOND.

